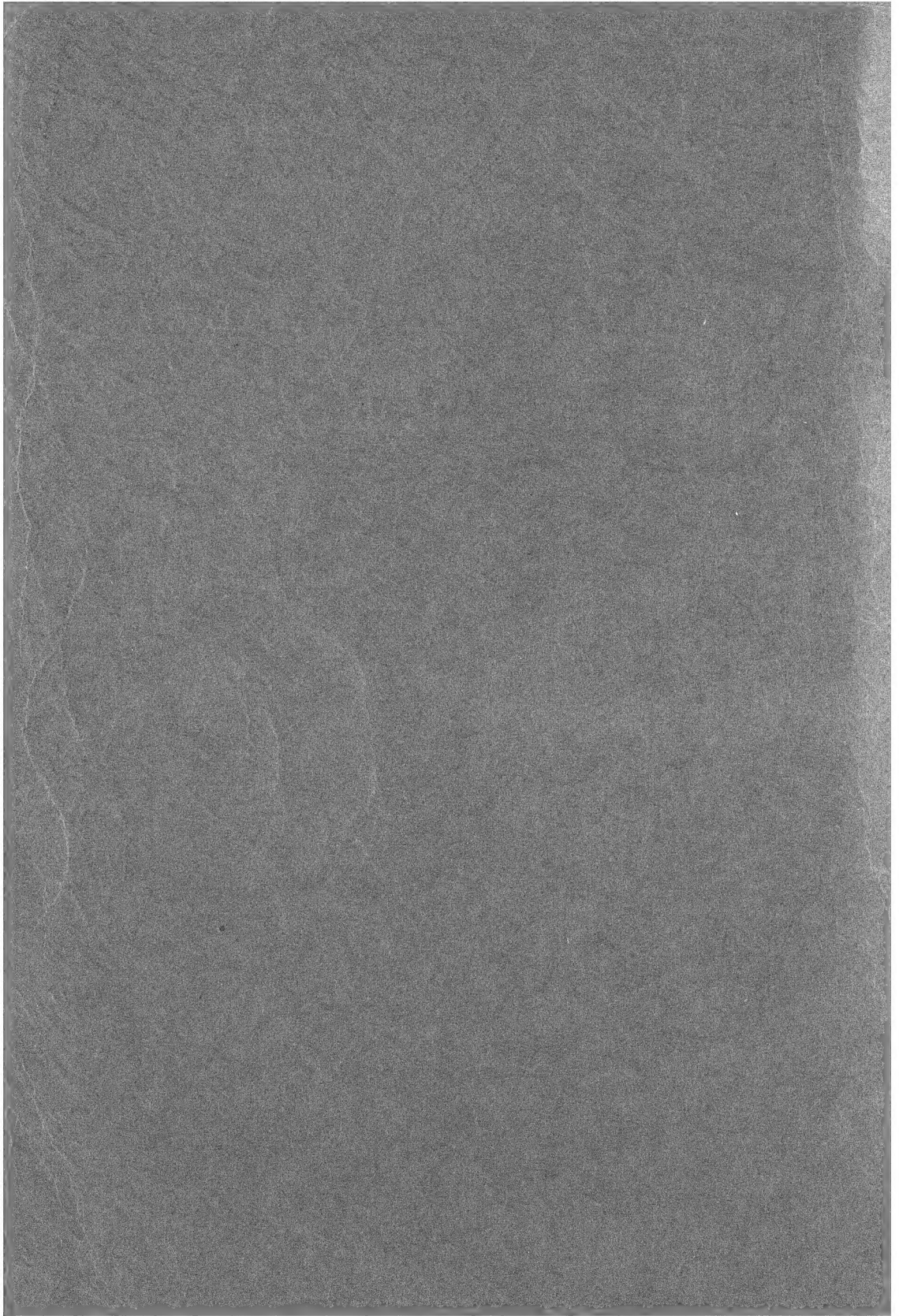


IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE A. MACDONALD

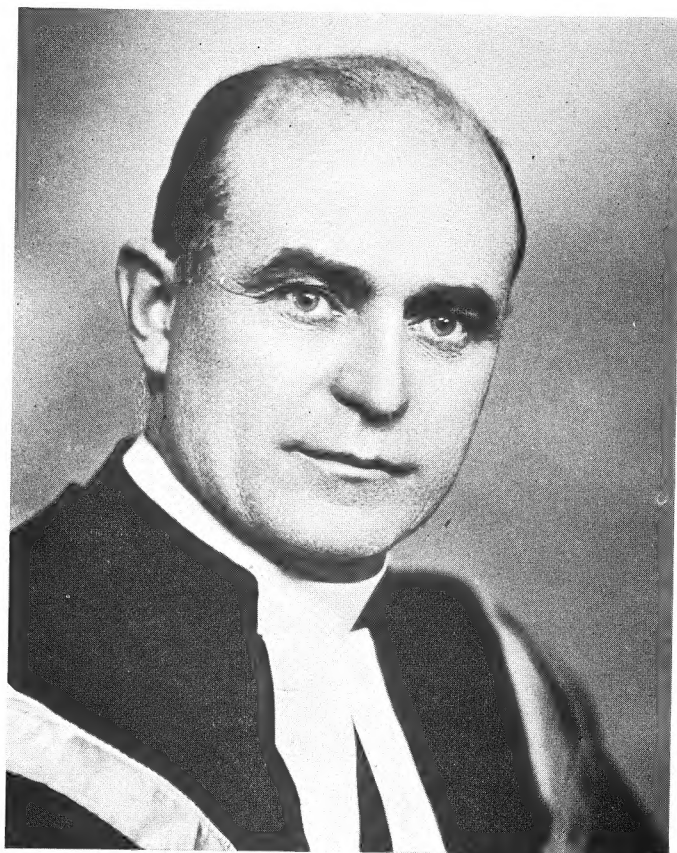
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GEORGE MACDONALD

IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE ALFRED MACDONALD
B.A., D.D.

6th April, 1887—15th November, 1940

Educated at
Hamilton Collegiate Institute; University of Toronto;
Knox College; Glasgow University.

Pastorates

Coldwater, Ontario, 1914-15.
Knox Church, Elora, Ontario, 1919-23.
Calvin Church, Ottawa, Ontario, 1923-30.
Melville Church, Fergus, Ontario, 1930-34.
Knox Church, Edmonton, Alberta, 1934-40.

On Active Service

1915-1919, Fifty-Fourth Battalion.
1940, Command Chaplain, R.C.A.F.

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AN APPRECIATION

PRINCIPAL R. C. WALLACE, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

GEORGE MACDONALD was one of those rare souls whose happy faculty it is to lift all with whom they come in contact to a higher level of joyous living. His zest for life was infectious, his belief in others an inspiration. There was nothing of the sombre or melancholy about his interpretation of Christianity. His note was joyous, happy, even gay. We who were his friends went back to our work with a lilt in our voice and a singing in our heart after a talk with George Macdonald. How he would have enjoyed the company of St. Francis of Assisi! Pity it is that there are so few followers of St. Francis today. That is why George Macdonald was a priceless gift to those who were admitted to the inner circle of his companionship.

It is not easy for anyone who has attained to middle life in Eastern Canada to adjust himself to the conditions of the Canadian West. There the stage is more spacious, the movement more rapid, the ventures greater, the risk less carefully scrutinized. It is a country of the big chance, the high stake, the joyous venture. It is no place for careful, timorous calculation. George Macdonald was to the manner born. To him the challenge of the prairies was not even enough. He sought out the great lonely spaces of the far North, and found there a spiritual home. His mission was for his Church, and his purpose was to carry encouragement and strength to the workers in their far off posts. But he gained as much as he gave. Always a lover of nature, he found in the stillness of the great spaces a spiritual strength which seemed to pervade his whole being. And to the unaffected frankness of the northern people there was an answering note in his own personality. Northern pioneers are sound judges of the real quality of a man. He passed the test. He was taken to their hearts.

What of his message to his own people? He made no attempt to be deeply philosophical, nor closely analytical. Pedantry made no appeal, and he concealed under an artless simplicity a

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profound grasp of the fundamental problems of good and evil, of human ideals and human waywardness. George Macdonald met his people in public worship as he met them in the street and in the home. To him they were always and under all conditions men and women facing real problems under present-day conditions. It was his responsibility to encourage, to help, to bring consolation. No outworn phrases for him, no traditional salt that had lost its savour. He spoke to those whose problems he knew, for he had an unerring instinct to find the road to the individual heart. He was a great interpreter of Christ to a modern world. He gave as he lived, and there are few who lived the Christian life with better heart. For to him it was a joyous adventure.

It was inevitable that he should become concerned about principals and plans which might make the world a more peaceful place in which to live. Amidst the frustrations and disappointments of these last years, enough to dishearten even the most hopeful, he worked on, in the firm belief that if we move, ever so slowly, towards the light, we shall have gained ground that will not be lost. And so he found himself in the forefront of the fight for world planning, a tower of strength to those around him, with a faith that would not die. We would be without hope in very truth if we were not to believe that out of the welter of world chaos there will triumph those eternal values from which a new world will be built.

This brave spirit has passed on. More than half a century ago the manner of his passing was written in words which will endure as long as our language is spoken:

"For surely, at whatever age it overtakes a man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY THE

REVEREND HUGH A. McLEOD, M.A., B.D.

WHEN I came to Edmonton in July, George Macdonald met me at the train. How many trains he must have met! He has so many friends! Because I was to leave in the morning, we sat up until four o'clock; those robust stories! those hearty ringing laughs,—I can hear them now! One could always be sure of them with him,—no matter what went before or what was to come after! It is incredible that he is dead!

Last letter I received from him, two weeks ago, began as they all began,—“Cherrio! Hugh.” It enclosed, as they all enclosed, a ridiculous cartoon, setting out the foibles of our life. Where he got those unique pictures, all those inimitable stories, not heard elsewhere, for his talks and letters, I am sure I do not know. It is incredible that he is dead!

And I mean just *incredible*,—not to be believed! Do not you believe it! In the mountains yesterday I saw the frost grasping at the streams, but it could not stay them,—clear, they went singing beyond the edge of snow,—the *so* living water does not cease,—and though the ice should cover it,—it will not sleep! And Spring wakens!

Here is another thing incredible, that Christians should live in a faith founded on life everlasting,—life burgeoning ever,—and then, here and there,—deem that it is ended! “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as they do who have no hope; for, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.”

George Macdonald confronts us, as always,—and first, surely, with three qualities,—

1. *His Strength.*

“*Be strong: fear not.*” (Isaiah 35:4)

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(a) Strength of body.

We never saw his like. Monday weariness, the bane of preachers, if he had it ever, I never saw it. He seemed impatient of any necessity of sleep. Fresh at midnight as in the morning, a very marvel of energy, exulting in the number of demands that stood before him. A holiday, even, was never for rest, but for change, and for multiplied activity. He would go from the comfort of the manse to a blanket on the ground on fishing trips, and fall to sleep immediately, like a child,—while others of us, till the new day sprawled, would contemplate the hum of one mosquito, with despair. The gift of the favoured few, he possessed in fullness,—to bear the physical burdens, the prodigious physical burdens, of the ministry,—with ease.

(b) Strength of mind.

The first toll of a weary body, is a jaded mind. He never had it. Alert ever! The breadth of his reading in the face of his unparalleled activities was amazing,—“He who runs may read” he proved, and “he while his companions slept, was toiling upward, in the night.” He gathered what was needful, as the hard-pressed city minister must, with a deft hand and a discriminating mind. One of our finest preachers!

Imaginative! A Celt! In the line of the Macdonalds of the Isles! He was no mere collector of snippets. He was himself, with his *own* scripture, for his *own* people! With beauty of phrase and picture and conception, with infinite toil, writing everything, he brought forth from the great Book “treasures new and old.” His Alma Mater did well to laureate him, Doctor. Alistair MacLean says that one of the first limitations of the unimaginative man, is, he is not aware of his childhood as real,—he has forgotten it. George Macdonald never did. So, the children, and all youth, loved him. When the news came to my home in the island, my boy of twelve was the first to break the stricken silence,—“He was a man in a million!” said he, and walked away into another room with his head bowed.

The Ontario side-roads, and pastures, of stream and woodland, the homes of those yesterdays, with the dear ones in the lamp-

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light, or the sound of sleigh-bells from the winter road in moonlight,—these ever claimed his heart. And the *war scenes!* These never left him, nor the comradeship of Flanders Fields. He loved the troops passionately. A good soldier of the King, and a good soldier of Christ Jesus!

2. *His Joy.*

"I would have you without carefulness." (I Cor. 7:32)

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." (Psalm 55:22)

Let me quote a paragraph from a sermon by the late G. H. Morrison of Glasgow, a friend of George Macdonald, a friendship of the days when George studied in the University of Glasgow. This sermon is found in the volume,—*"The Afterglow of God."* "There are few graces which the world admires so much as the grace of happy heartedness. There is a certain perennial attraction in men and women who bear their burdens well. When we see a face all lined with care it often touches the chord of pity in us. We are moved with compassion when it flashes on us what a story is written there. But the face that really helps us on our journey is seldom the face of battle and of agony; it is the face which has its sunshine still. None of us is enamoured by a frown. All of us are attracted by a smile. We recognize by an unerring instinct that in happyheartedness there is a kind of victory. And so we love it as we love the sunshine or the song of the birds upon the summer morning. It takes its place with these good gifts of God."

George Macdonald had this grace, this victory,—he was "without carefulness." The reason was, he cast his burden upon the Lord. A most forgiving man, the clouds were gone and forgotten, as soon as you were with him, and the sun was shining on the sea again.

I remember Saturday nights in winter, distraught as often, mind and spirit whipped to a frenzy by the monstrous cacophonies of a hurdy-gurdy on an open-air rink in Edmonton,—so that the Sabbath yawned as an abyss,—the present awful fear that the hungry flock would look up and not be fed! Then the phone,

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and George Macdonald's voice, and his great laugh,—his happy-heartedness,—and the mood was gone. You have had such experience with him a thousand times. How he has blessed the world!

Officials of the church, burdened with responsibility, of whom the rest of us were somewhat in awe, fifteen minutes after George met them would be doubled in laughter, which would happily banish for us all the solemnities of office.

"A Gaelic proverb, rich in truth and beauty, says, that 'on the *sea-breast* or the *moorland*, no power can reave a happy man of his joy.' The meaning of it is that happiness is an inward affair, the breath of your spirit." (Alistair MacLean.) So with George Macdonald,—Christ had given him living water springing up within him unto everlasting life. A happy-hearted Christian,—as is meet!

3. *His Kindness.*

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." (I Cor. 13:4.)

The hospitality of Knox manse, and of his manses in the East, is proverbial. Mrs. Macdonald has cheered and sheltered, literally thousands,—with a great heart like her husband's, emulated by each member of the family. The spacious hospitality of our golden dreams was ever realized in their home. I think probably George Macdonald was the best known minister of the church,—from ocean to ocean he numbered his friends in thousands of thousands. Down in the Arctic all white men and scores of Indians, said to me first of all,—*"Do you know George Macdonald?"*,—that was an open sesame to their hearts. From Halifax to Victoria, Lethbridge to Aklavik and Dawson,—people felt his kindness and knew the warmth of his heart and the largesse of his hand; his home was their own. He seemed to belong to everybody. The city of Edmonton took him to their great heart; and so, the whole church in its boards and colleges knew and loved him; he befriended ministers and laymen far and near. His own congregation he loved with an everlasting love, and sought upon his knees how to serve them best. A true minister with a true heart of love and devotion, first for his own people, and then for *all* pilgrims.

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A father came to me after church last Sunday morning, with earnest voice,—“Say *thank you* to Mrs. Macdonald for the kindness of her husband and herself to my son who is attending University in Edmonton, and who wrote a letter only last week telling how, being a stranger, the Knox minister took him in.”

His last letter said to me,—“I will probably be in the army by the time you get this,—in the air-force.” But he has joined the legions of the light. And we must be very childlike and very trusting, as he was, with his mystic spirit. Here is a passage from Alistair MacLean in *The Quiet Heart*,—“I recall today the memory of a Hebridean farmer. In our ignorance the Island folk called him *the foolish one* (*Am Fear Gerach*). His little farm lay upon the lip of the Western seas. A widower, with two sons gone to Canada. It was his custom in the summer twilight, to sit upon a certain rock, his gentle face upon his hands, as one who waited for news. And, with many a nod and wink, the mischievous boys would say, ‘Did any word come from over the seas tonight, man of my heart?’ And his child’s face would lighten up as though a lamp were lit from within; ‘Indeed’ he would answer gaily, ‘tis I that have had a fine message from them both,’ ‘And what was the heart of their talk?’ another would question; ‘Oh’ he would cry, ‘just that they think of me as ever, and will soon be home.’ ‘The foolish one’ was his nickname. Now I think *we* were the foolish ones.”

“Did any word come from over the seas tonight, man of my heart?” Now, we are the foolish Christians; we have fellowship with the *Church Triumphant*, over the narrow sea,—and nearer now, because George Macdonald has joined it, making the unseen a home for our hearts. You on the plains, and I on my island home, nearer the sunset, will often say,—“’tis I that have had a fine message from him this night.”

God bless and strengthen Mrs. Macdonald, Margaret, George and John, his dear mother, sister, and three brothers, and Knox congregation, and give you fine messages from the regions of light, to cheer and bless you upon the way! And, you know, at longest, it is not long, till we are met.

"THANKSGIVING"

"Every good and every perfect gift is from above." James 1:17

ONE of the first words a child is taught to say is thanks. It may not sound like "thanks" but it is the first word expressed after the infant lips have formed a sound for mother and father. In the human order of articulation parenthood is first and gratitude is a close successor.

Norman Gale has expressed that primal urge of the soul in a few short lines—

Thank you very much indeed
River for your waving reed;
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;
Pansies for your silky cheeks,
Goldfinches for singing beaks.
Spring, for wood anemones
Near the mossy toes of trees;
Summer for the fruited pear,
Yellowing crab and cherry fair;
Autumn for the bearded load,
Hazelnuts along the road;
Winter for the fairy tale,
Flaming log and bouncing hail.
But, Blest Father, high above,
All these joys are from Thy love;
And your children everywhere,
Born in palace, lane or square,
Cry with voices all agreed,
"Thank you very much indeed."

This day, set apart as Thanksgiving, is elemental in mankind's deepest sentiments which the march of centuries cannot destroy.

The origin of this festive season is lost in antiquity. We behold the ancients bearing great baskets heavily laden with

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fruit and flowers from autumn fields and valleys to the altar of their religious faith. They acknowledged that some power (other than their own) had caused the earth to spring forth and bud; some force (other than the human) had watered the earth and ripened the grain; that the lamp of heaven trimmed by an unseen hand sent the sunshine upon the ears of corn and made the harvest a time for rejoicing. "The valleys stand so thick with corn that even they are singing."

We should recall this sacred origin in an age given over to unbridled gaieties. The High days and the Holy days have been transformed into weekend revelries. There is today an organized effort to compel every holiday to fall on Monday. The avowed purpose is to extend the period of abandonment from Saturday until Monday without any reference whatever to the historic event we commemorate or the date which marked the original achievement in the sacred annals of the land; the totally relaxed or overtaxed weekend conspires to obliterate every cherished landmark

Generations before the American President called the Congress to set apart a definite day in November as a time for National Thanksgiving the door had been opened for this season of gratitude by the patriarchs of old. Those who dwelt in the land that cradled Christianity assembled at the harvest and built tabernacles by weaving willow branches and reeds into frail structures in which to present to the deities the fruit of the field and the unblemished firstlings of the stall. We are intrigued by a very interesting feature of this ancient tradition. I find that in building the tabernacle no roof was permitted to cover the walls. The frail building was constructed open to the skies that men and women who brought their gifts could look above the earth to the heavens. They cast their vision not upon things terrestrial but upon the celestial—above all thought of men arose forever the thought of God. First then let us be mindful that this season of Thanksgiving with its family parties, festivities and an abundant harvest is a holy season. It is the focal point of religion when the faithful recognize the Providence of the Eternal and exercise the basic virtue of gratitude to the Giver of all good.

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How cold our hearts would be today if we accepted this thanksgiving in an ordinary routine manner! The Royal Proclamation which requires all our people to make this day one of prayer and solemn intercession shall not fall upon unresponsive hearts. It is quite different from our celebrations a year ago. Last October threat of war was upon us. Multitudes of people prayed as the English prayed when the Armada sailed forth to blast their island home. Last year we prayed that the clouds would lift, the sword be sheathed and smile of peace would cheer the drooping eyes of men who gazed, through the fog, for the approach of dawn. It marked the day of ungranted requests. A smiliar occasion has been described with these words—

We asked for strength
That we might achieve;
We were made weak
That we might obey.

We asked for health
That we might do greater things;
We were given infirmity
That we might do better things.

We asked for riches
That we might be happy;
We were given poverty
That we might be wise.

We asked for power
That we might have the praise of men;
We were given weakness
That we might feel the need of God.

Today we feel the need of God. What a host is encamped against the land of our fathers, the land of our birth and our adoption. To contemplate the loss of all this (of which we are not worthy) brings the strongest to their knees, brings to eager longing eyes tears great with expectation. "We asked for power that we might have the praise of men, we were given weakness that we might feel the need of God." Then we rise, erect and fearless,

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singing, "If God be for us who can be against us?" In our anthems of praise and prayer today we shall invoke God's power to guard our shores.

We should be reminded that Satan grins at those who ask God to preserve a land very many of whose people are not prepared to defend it. Volumes of insipid talk have been let loose upon our own Canadian shore during the years of our material prosperity. The youth movement, eager for a new society, and a transformed Dominion, ignored the old felicities and the ancient sacrifices. Names of Cartier, Champlain, Evans, MacKenzie, Ryerson and other kindred spirits are regarded only as historic records, their sacrifice is forgotten. The British Navy that kept unceasing vigilance on our trade routes and the soldiers who occupied our strong points for custom duties and defence against invaders were sneered at by the new society or regarded only as a bill of expense or an outworn vestige of antiquity; any land as good as our own land and any method of government an improvement on our own. These ideas were not expressed in some remote discussion club, they were broadcast from the housetops, they filtered through to youth centres and found a generous reception in certain church clubs and associations. Now we have been stabbed wide awake. Possessions for which we were ungrateful or which we took for granted are threatened. This is not a groundless fear. If the dictators should triumph—God forbid—we would lose those possessions which we have taken for granted and which we most dearly cherish only when threatened with removal. If we should be denied the privilege of defending these with our lives we can at least be faithful enough to thank God for them in our prayers.

Many of us here can recall attending some party, banquet or reception when in response to the toast to Canada and the Empire the Speaker almost invariably narrated the riches of our Dominion. Who of us has not heard the banquet eloquence of our wide flung prairie wealth, mighty rivers born of friendly Spring, great inland seas, our mountains, proud possessions of uncounted wealth, forests and orchards richly blooming?

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These are the treasures valuable beyond our highest reckoning yet these are not the products of man's hand. The touch divine placed these natural gifts in the human treasury. Whenever we become discouraged (as we are apt to be today) let us think on these things, for they are indeed pure, lovely and of good report. But we must not boast of these endowments. At this season we are awakened in humble gratitude to God to accept the great responsibilities which those blessed privileges always bring.

Thanksgiving should end not with an exclamation mark of high praise and approval but with an interrogation point! Are we ready with our sense of gratitude to assume the responsibility of a people so richly blessed?

Von Ribbentrop declares that we will not share the responsibility of defence or of sacrifice. When this German official relinquished his post as Ambassador to the Court of King James he hurled in departing this crashing insult: "The democracies are too flabby to fight."

Did he mean us? Perchance he should know. Did he not live in our Dominion, a bank clerk in Montreal, his eyes wide open to Canada and Canadians? In one of his articles he writes "a land overflowing with blessings." Today he speaks of our democracy as "too flabby to fight." We may not relish the indictment but I am persuaded that history will speak of our far flung wealth, and record "because we were not thankful for them we were forced to fight for them."

Let us at this solemn Thanksgiving hour express our simple and sincere gratitude to God who, in a land which may suffer poverty or drought in one area, in the leanest years, has had enough and to spare and boatloads in various quantities to ship to other lands.

Surely the lines of Eternal Providence have fallen to us in pleasant places. Sensible of the responsibilities which these privileges always bring, let us thank God, take courage and go forward, in the name of him whose inestimable love in Christ Jesus shall bring to us the victory over sin and the grave.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

"LEST WE FORGET"

"Thou Shalt Remember." Dan. 8:2

ANCIENT words, but alive in our souls today!
Our presence at this evening service on Remembrance Day is a solemn declaration that we have not forgotten. Another world war has transformed the fair gardens of Europe into vast swamps of international hatred and bewilderment, but this revival of blood lust cannot erase from our hearts the sacred memories of other days. When we stand silently and recall those whose names live forevermore we take knowledge that no shrieking cannon or mad hysteria can silence their voices; no smoke screen of violence can hide their visions from our waiting eyes. We must keep faith with the unnumbered brave who died, triumphant in the crimson dawn. Who they were this new generation does not know, what they were everybody knows.

Amidst the thrill of Armistice celebrations men must guard their souls lest they become a prey to lesser things and forget the flaming courage of those dauntless hearts beating as one with ours on this Remembrance Day.

Tonight I do not intend to speak of the virtues that adorned the lives of those whose names are graven on the war-memorial bronze who died amidst the strife or those who from recurrent wounds in after years have been added to the nation's roll of honour. These heroic souls have left for us a record of high courage; they require no eulogy.

For they who do duty in the lives of men
Need no tribute of recording pen.
Their deeds are graven in a place apart
On the enduring tablet of the human heart.

Remembrance Day for hosts of people is just a general term which refers to the "cease fire" terminating the world war in 1918. For members of the Canadian Corps Association, Remembrance is not merely a general term it is a personal and intimate experience that breathes the breath of life in our hearts after twenty-one

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thrilling years. This solemn hour speaks to us about our comrades; calls to our vision the garden of those heroes who die not, even though their broken bones were wrapped in blankets in another land; it revives the ideals for which they with deep devotion pursued the gleam even unto death.

These three treasured memories we cherish as the Corps colours are draped tonight above the sacred scroll. Who were these comrades who gladly gave their lives to stem the invaders' ruthless march? They were the flower of Canada's young manhood. As the lads of the new army with their steel helmets and youthful jaunt marched yesterday, flanked by the Corps troops of the first world war, I recalled our march along Belgium's cobble stone roads. I remember Lieutenant Good. He had served in the ranks before winning his commission on the field. The grim business of war was not his chosen vocation. Only a sense of duty bade him resign from the London Symphony Orchestra in which he played the cello. His was a delicate master hand. After the route march one evening he took his talented part at the concert in the town hall crowded with troops and a few Belgian civilians and refugees. Time flies backward and tonight I hear him in the silence—Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond, Roses in Picardy, The Holy City and Nearer My God to Thee. Lt. Good was encored to a wholesome fatigue. While drinking cafe au lait in the estaminet at the close of the Battalion Concert the gallant musician disclosed his plans for post armistice days. His purpose was to tour the world with the London Symphony. Perchance his consecrated talent would bring melody to a discordant world. In the early dawn of the first day in November, 1918, his body lay cold, sieved with the withering fire from enemy machine guns. Hands that so tenderly plucked the strings of his sweet toned viol clutched November's withered grass. The angelic song of his melodious cello was silenced forever.

That's war! The devastating fire of Mars smothers the voice of the soloist, blasts the strong limbs of the trained athlete, shatters the waking mind of the scholar, blinds the dreaming eye of the artist. On this Remembrance Sunday we call all our comrades to mind believing that in the place of light perpetual

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the Prince of Peate shall grant an abiding rest to their dauntless spirits.

Not only are we doing reverence to the flower of the past generation. This Remembrance service turns our wistful eyes to the Garden of Graves in Flanders Field. Spring and summer, autumn and winter have beaten with rain and sleet; and the cold dew of the mornings for two decades and more have fallen upon the graves that mark the last resting places of our heroic dead. 'Tis the way of suffering and sorrow transformed into a field of honour through the mystic alchemy of a deathless love.

These sacred grave-built gardens where, in other days, the poppies bloomed amidst the "crosses row on row" have a lesson for all mankind. The events of this or any year cannot alter that symbol. Another world war cannot efface the story that there is a place on the path of humanity where all men are equal. In Trones Woods just off the road running from Albert to Bapaume I beheld three crude wooden crosses to tell the wayfarer that a titled officer from an English manor house, an Irish lad from the Iniskillen Dragoons, and a Jock from the 51st Highland division were wrapped in their blankets, subject souls, equal in the democracy of death. From their land of cloudless day they fling back the signal to the pursuing years, "as men strive and die together for victory so let men live for peace and liberty." Give to the generation that takes up our unfinished task a name—"Crusaders for Brotherhood." "Followers of the Gleam." Above the strife of years I hear the Scottish bard proclaim (Sir Walter Scott)—

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious strife
Is worth an age without a name.

Not only do we remember our comrades and the garden where their war-scarred bones are enfolded in the mother earth. We have solemn memories of the ideals for which they passed so triumphant o'er the tomb.

Youth today declares that "ideals have had their day, that idealists have had their innings—it is time now for us. We are

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the new generation, we are the realists." My friends, experience has taught us that all realists actually live by ideals. The mountain climber scales the height to build a look-out tower from which to see the smoking forest or to erect a signal post to guide the night flyer through the dark sky's path. And every step by which the realist builder rises toward his goal is taken on the urge to some higher level yet unreachd but without which he fails. Idealism is the one divine hand which beckons us onward and upward.

They tell us that heroes twenty-five years ago endeavoured to build a new life on higher levels, a society where Prussian culture would give place to a loftier brotherhood. Behold what these ideals have suffered, we failed and now we must commence anew. But we cannot abandon our ideals. All that is noble and true in life is established upon ideals; lofty purposes which heroic souls will not surrender even if it demands the life blood.

These banners on which we behold the cross of St. Andrew, St. George and St. Patrick have been woven into the fabric of the British flag. They are the symbols of life sacrificed for an ideal. The cross of each of these three saints incorporated in the fabric of our national banner represents not the passing of a hero in combat against an opponent but an act of self renunciation, the giving up of life itself rather than the surrendering of the free worship of God Almighty and loyalty to Jesus Christ.

Of course there is a better way than armed strife, of course there is a nobler path than duck walks of Flanders, and a more attractive habitation than stifling dugouts. There is the way of brotherhood. Of course there is a better scheme of things than the pagan way of hate, there is the society of men who believe in the ultimate triumph of the good and the equal worth of all mankind in the sight of God. Upon that our democracy rests. The pressing totalitarian world-order invades that very way of life and threatens to destroy so priceless a heritage.

We honour today those who gave their lives gladly because they loved their land and all that their fathers in their sacrifice gave to them as an inheritance. In faith they endured, "as seeing

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Him who is invisible." That same love and faith may be ours
in this generation but not without untold sacrifice and privation.

A desert does not have to be
A sandy waste where springs are dry.
A life can shrink to barrenness
If love goes by.

A desert does not have to be
A place where vultures fly at dawn.
A heart can hold such dreadful things
When faith is gone.

With love for men of every race and with faith in God let us
rededicate our land which we hold in trust through the sacrifice
of our fathers, and our lives which we possess only because we are
redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ.

Forget not but let us take courage and go forward.

"COMMUNION"

"Our sufficiency is of God." II Cor. 3:5

DRIVING at night from Galt, Ontario, to Brantford, the vision of the traveller is arrested by a brilliant revolving light which seems to outshine the stars. This brilliant beam sweeps the skies and lightens the path for air pilots on their regular skyway errands. On enquiring the source of power behind that light, one learns that it is at Niagara Falls. A river yonder at the far end of the great garden peninsula was harnessed, and its driving force transported many miles to the West and there transformed into lightrays to guide the pilgrims of the night.

In this world of conflicting shadows men and women are wistfully seeking one sure ray of light. Occasionally we think we are catching a glimpse of its radiant path and then on a sudden blank darkness falls again, and we turn in another direction. When nations clamour for revenge and older people shudder with the threat of war and youth gives himself to some serious thinking we catch a glimpse of lasting peace in the League of Nations; when the structure of life is frail because of enforced idleness among eager workers or because of drought and pests on promising fields, a political light shines upon some new promised social order; when we are in distress through youthful indifference and moral decline we are encouraged with some new philosophy or a psychoanalysis to put us straight. But one by one these promised lights fail and amidst the shadows we grope again after the light, for man will not give up the quest. He has been born not to fail but to succeed.

There is but one true light upon the moral and spiritual horizon today. It is in the realm of religion and it is not an isolated ray set away and apart from all lesser lights. Religion, as Jesus interpreted it, is the one true light and all else that is good and noble in every other realm—our forward-looking political system, our philosophies and moral uplifts—all these are the reflected glory of that which can never fail.

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"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
For Thou oh Lord art more than they."

Jesus the one true light was to shine upon the path for wandering men who could not withstand the darkness and to lead them on the straight and narrow way to life eternal. But Jesus Himself was not the source of light. He came with the inspiring announcement, "I am the light of the world; He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life." Now in the first chapter of John we have a most arresting reference to Jesus as the Word made flesh so that we could with human eyes behold the Divine. John says, "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth."

As the flood light that lays the path of safety in the darkest night has its origin in a distant waterfall, so Jesus the light of the world has His source of power in God. In the brilliant path at the Brantford air field we are given safety through the powerful currents of the tumbling Niagara. In Jesus by faith we have access to Him whose source of power is in God. The writer of the fourth Gospel said it like this when he was speaking of John the Baptist, "He was not that light but was sent to bear witness of that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

It seems to me that this is such a suitable theme for our worship this morning. There are a variety of reasons for our presence in this sacred place. Many people came for the sheer joy of singing some great hymns of praise, to revive precious memories and stimulate them into nobler living. There are those who come just to be quiet in their souls for awhile. Some, too, find value in the proclamation of truth, and deeper value in the prayers for the consolation of the sad, and fortitude for the tried and tempted.

But the Communion Sunday is significant in this, that it nourishes and feeds our faltering souls. We venture here and there for strength; we assume that a few hours of pleasure will

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satisfy, but it is a very transient satisfaction: We lose ourselves in a book but the unclasped book of nature and the love of God remains unread; we thirst for freedom and we gain a dream of liberty in one field only to find ourselves enslaved in another. Like men of old we pray for freedom, for truth and strength for the journey. That source of strength is in God. Christ is our mediator between God the source of life and love and truth, and our famished and anxious souls. He it is that comes to us in our darkness, He giveth the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. "Our sufficiency is of God."

The sacred elements are on this Communion Table to represent the resources of God. When Jesus found Himself amidst foes He turned to God in prayer. When He faced those searching trials He made His rendezvous with the Great Heart that beats with every beat of mine. The same source of strength which had its forceful purpose in Jesus Christ is yours and mine to draw upon today and to appropriate at this communion hour. And not for today only but for every season of life's uncertain itinerary.

A young Spanish refugee was writing his own personal feelings as he left with a little company for far away Mexico. He records, "As we watched the shores of Spain recede from view after we had passed through the Straits of Gibraltar many people wept to say farewell to their country. Someone who stood near me said, 'Don't weep for Spain—Spain is here.' and that feeling has become more and more apparent as the voyage has worn on—we carried the love of our homeland with us."

In a few minutes we shall pass beyond the doors of this sacred house. Too soon we shall rise and the symbols will be lost to view. If in love we have drawn upon a true source of power, go where we will the love of God will go with us. There shall live in you and me the faith of those heroes of God who preserved for us this faith. We shall often hear the question, "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" And we shall give no uncertain answer—"I am persuaded that nothing, neither height nor depth nor any other creature can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus." "Our sufficiency is of God."

“THE MINISTRY”

WHILST I gratefully accept the honour of addressing the newly inducted minister, I am aware that many other men here present have had larger, and longer and more fruitful experience from which to offer help and advice. If I hold before you this evening too lofty a goal, my brethren may be justified in saying: “Go to Macdonald, exemplify that in your own life as a minister of the Faith.” On those grounds I claim that a superannuated clergyman who has been for half a century tested and tried in all the courts and calls of the Church, would be able to speak out of a rich experience and impart to the new incumbent what he would do if he had a pastor’s life to plan anew.

Thus it is, not as a senior officer, but as a comrade and brother in the Faith I give as my first word a military word: “Forward, march!” And I would not presume to use that phrase were it not for the common charge against the Church of our day that we are marking time, that religion is on the defensive, and the forces of Christianity are retreating before the powers of the world. These are only half truths and as such may trip the unsuspecting into fatal errors. The course of the Christian Church is clearly defined; it demands not only that the standard of the Cross of Christ shall be unfurled on every shore but that the ethic of Christianity, the Mind of the Master, and the implications of the Golden Rule shall be operative in every relationship of life. To accomplish this we have developed the Ecumenical mind and heart. We know that we can do interdenominationally what no ally can do of itself. To this supreme task you have been called to minister and no man need apologize for so lofty a vocation.

On the Alaska Coast we looked out toward evening to the glorious shore. It was suggested we have a service in the saloon. Clad in a grey suit and a red vacation tie I said to a chap at the railing: ‘Would you like to come down to a religious service?’ ‘Yes, but is there a minister aboard?’ he queried. ‘Yes, I am a minister,’ I answered. ‘Holy smoke,’ he said, ‘I thought you were a banker.’ Coming from Alberta I felt justified in thanking him for the compliment.

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But name if you will any profession, business or vocation and I shall declare that the calling of the Christian ministry takes second place to none. Cardinal Newman who gave a new emphasis to education was a minister; the courier who carried the light of truth and freedom to Africa was a minister; the reformer who called Europe from the darkness of superstition to the knowledge of the truth was a minister; the presidents of the University of Toronto and Saskatchewan are both ministers; the Governor-General of Canada claims one of his most coveted honours is his Doctor of Divinity degree. And you are a minister! With that long line of apostolic succession behind you and a glorious company of apostles with you, my word of greeting is: "Forward March," and to your people, say, "Forward, flock of Christ."

My second word to you is a floral word. I find it in an address given by the Principal of Glasgow University to his graduating students. In his stimulating remarks he said: "My lads, maintain the morning glory." He was speaking not of horticulture but of mental culture. He referred to the precious morning hours when surrounded by books, the growing mind uninterrupted by insignificant things, thinks clearly and independently on the supreme issues of life. To make the most of the morning glory demands unlimited courage. But it is necessary for it is expected that when you speak you will speak thoughtfully and authoritatively—with your mind enriched by concentrated study as well as conformed to the Will of God and constrained by the Love of Christ.

Since the Munich agreement the German Chancellor has notified Martin Niemoller of his release from the concentration camp on condition that he will not re-occupy his Berlin pulpit. This brave twentieth century martyr has informed the Fuehrer that he prefers to remain in prison than to have his lips padlocked against the truth and the everlasting Gospel. It is because of such glorious martyrs who think independently and constructively that we have a free Church in an age of despots. Guard your hours for independent thought and concentrated study. And may your morning glory ever be bright and unfailing, and may you come from your study to speak the truth that makes men free indeed.

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There will be hours when the tempo will be low and much of life's music will be on the minor notes. There will be hours when Kipling's lines will come to your mind:

"If England were what England seems
And not the England of our dreams,
'Ow soon we'd chuck 'er."

So when the antagonisms arise, as they shall, when some trusted councillor of the Church fails at his post, and one who bears the sacred vessels of the altar falls, and you are constrained to say, "If the Church were what it seems how soon we'd chuck her," remember that the Church is the Body of Christ. In that true Church there are no blemishes at all. She is the "lamp of God" to bear before the nations the true light that shall shine more and more unto the perfect day.

"PREFACE TO DOMINION DAY"

IT is fitting at this time when the eyes of the whole British Empire are turned with affection and loyalty toward this Dominion that we should not let the occasion pass unnoticed by members of the Rotary Club. And a further, and perhaps more significant observation, is before us when we behold the other races and nations alien to the British tradition who in these days of regal splendour turn their inquisitive gaze to Canadian shores. People who live their lonely lives on the remote islands of the farthest sea have recently become acquainted with Canada. What was yesterday but a three thousand mile stretch of territory on the upper part of the North American Continent has in a few days become a familiar place to those who follow the Royal itinerary. A land that stretched its boundaries from the American Republic to the frigid zones of the Arctic wastes is recognized in terms of Provinces, cities and isolated hamlets. A book has been published recently entitled, "Canada: the story of the Provinces and People to whom Their Majesties came."

In some parts of the world we are known chiefly as a country where three thousand miles of boundary line is contiguous with another nation where no soldiers look down upon us from their battlements, where we have no fear of gaping gun or threatening sword. We are recognized in history as an heroic race whose children in thousands and thousands crossed the deep to France and Flanders when the Mother Land was threatened by enemy hordes. In the markets of Europe we are recorded as a people whose land is as a treasure house where a wealth of radium, precious metals and priceless resources await the path of the explorer and the lonely echo of the prospector's drill. We have been known as the land of fertile fields since the day when Lord Durham reported to the Crown that "if you scratch her soil with a stick she will laugh back at you with a crop."

This noonday, however, I would not weary you with a recitation of our material possessions, but I would commend to your serious consideration the spiritual content and quality of our Canadian

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Nation. What an object of admiration is the athlete equipped with muscle and qualities of endurance, the various functions of his physique under control! If that same man is devoid of a sense of honour, if he could be misled to sell a game, if he by design would foul a competitor, that man becomes a menace to society. Power, whether it is vested in the might of an individual, the natural resources of a Province, the gold reserves of a Nation, or the man-power and industry of trade and commerce, must be controlled and guided by spiritual qualities and the virtues of character. These are the foundation principles which God has established for the benefit of man and the peace and freedom of the world. Take these away and the structure which externally seems so splendid and beautiful shall perish pitifully as a house upon the sand which cannot withstand the gale or the restless tide.

Our Dominion which today is experiencing for the first time in her history the visit of a British Sovereign, has not reached its place of security and freedom by chance or magic. The foundation of our nation is the product, not merely of material content but of those spiritual qualities which I referred to a moment ago, and which I believe may be crystalized in these few phrases: lofty vision, true courage, and sincere devotion to the British Crown.

This generation lays claim to being realists, and it is a symptom of our age to cast a reflection upon the efforts of a constructive thinker by calling him "visionary". Have you not heard the disapproving "oh that man's a dreamer"? But dreams are the fertile stuff out of which great and permanent reforms are born; the vision always blazed the trail through the black forests to the goal of security. Alexander Graham Bell sat late into the dark night nor did he dismiss his vision until the dawn. The highest achievement of this dreamer a generation ago was but a feeble infant compared with scientific equipment which is ours today. Last week Their Majesties relaxed from their arduous duties as pilgrim sovereigns. They lifted the receiver, called to England, to London, and to Buckingham Palace, and as father and mother chatted in family fashion to the little Princesses. The ocean was no longer a chasm to separate but a bond to unite

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because Alexander Graham Bell's lofty vision of the telephone had become a reality.

So the Fathers of Confederation were men of vision. They beheld an intangible nation, for as yet it had not been born. Generations before the Niagara was harnessed for hydraulic power, when the prairies were sparsely populated with aboriginal tribes, when no white man or woman inhabited the territory on which this great city now stands, and when Vancouver was but a muddy inlet with Spanish traditions and customs not far away, the Fathers of Confederation beheld a nation—a Dominion formed by the fusing of many colonies and differing tongues, with unity, brotherly love and mutual benefit as the common goal.

At that day there was division, bitter rivalry, and conflict of laws and procedure. It is said that every vision is coloured with the glorious reflections of the past. In the midst of the struggle to formulate an Act of Union, when the opposition declared the proposals were the work of visionaries, one far-seeing advocate presented an immortal interrogation, "Shall we be less imaginative than Columbus who saw no clear course ahead but who fixed his eye upon a guiding star and in faith refused to retreat on his course until the standard of the Cross of Christ was set up on the shores of San Salvador?"

This adventurous statesman beheld the distant scene of Canada's future established upon the ideals of faithful men of former years. Like Abraham of old he was prepared to venture forth with all the risk and uncertainty of a great adventure. And the supreme example in the daring of those who established our Dominion is in this, that with implicit confidence and lofty vision they went along an unknown way to an unknown heritage.

Our Dominion is not only the product of a lofty vision. It could not have been formed apart from the courage of these dreamers. There is a deep appeal in that word *courage*. It does not confine itself to the physical life of man or woman. It is a possession of the "coeur" which means the heart. Courage is a heart dynamic: to possess great courage one must first be controlled by a great heart. When we rejoice in the courage of our

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indomitable seamen and their brilliant achievements on the deep we sing—

Hearts of oak are our ships
Hearts of oak are our men
We're ready—Ay steady
We'll brave a rude ocean again and again.

In establishing this Dominion there were many storm-swept hearts and high courage was indispensable. It was prophesied that our Colonists would perish, our children die for lack of food, our trade fail, and the territories be closed to future civilization. Then was recalled the courage of Cartier whose vessel was frozen into the St. Lawrence during the long winter of 1535. His sailors were dying of scurvy, no one dare venture outside lest they be struck down by the true aim of the hostile Indians. Had it not been for the courageous heart of Cartier the vessel would have been abandoned and the expedition defeated. But he withstood the frigid months, returned to France and later came again and founded Quebec and Montreal as the gateways to a new world.

In the midst of our local animosities, our inter-provincial antagonisms, our dark prophecies of sedition and revolution, let us in this week of Royal Splendour recall the Canadian Heritage of lofty vision and the high courage of those who beheld another nation in this land of far horizons.

A third element which marked the birth of this Dominion was a sincere devotion to the British Crown. Now this vast rich land should be a more vital and inspiring element in the British Commonwealth because we have beheld our Gracious King and Beloved Queen. On that fateful night in August, 1914, when Sir Edward Grey looked out upon the London streets into the dark he mused, "The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our time." It was a dark era for our Empire. Two decades later when a British gunboat moved away unannounced to an unnamed port, bearing the strange kingly figure of one who had walked up the gangplank in the dark, it was prophesied that the night of despair had fallen upon Britain's monarchy and no living soul could lift the dark clouds from the

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Throne of Westminster. Do you remember the atmosphere through which King George and Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne? Whilst Edward was looking through the mist from his destroyer to the shadowed country he ruled for so short a time one of the shrewdest observers of public affairs in Britain was saying, "This irrevocable decision of the King to abdicate is our death blow; the throne will never survive; England will be a Republic in five years."

But what are the facts? A King died, the Monarchy continued; a throne was renounced, the Monarchy remained. Here we see the indestructible content of the Nation itself. The undying permanency of the race is centred in the Monarchy. It is the symbol of the nation's immortality. And if no Prince of the Realm ever came to the Coronation with greater handicap of public opinion than George Albert, Duke of York, no King ever proved his destiny with greater heart and nobler purpose.

Now he has come to us and passed before our eyes as the vision splendid. Through city streets thronged with wondering eyes, along the avenues decked high with crowded galleries their Majesties smiled and moved along, leaving to us in Edmonton the imperishable benediction of their gracious presence. When the far-reaching bleachers have been demolished; when the last of ten million yards of bunting has faded and the banners are folded up and laid away as vestments that have served their day and are forgotten, what is there in our hearts which time and circumstances cannot destroy?

It is this: A pledge on the part of our Canadian people to carry out to reality the ideals of our fathers before us who established the Dominion,—a nation united to serve all mankind through vision and courage, enriched and strengthened by loyalty to the Crown of England. It is a lofty goal indeed. Yet no other is worthy of the Fathers of Confederation. No other shall bring contentment now.



GEORGE MACDONALD, 1918

